

THE NEW K
LONDON CITY JESTER;

OR, A BANQUET OF
WIT, MIRTH, and FANCY.

Calculated for the Entertainment and Amusement of
both Sexes.

INCLUDING ALL THE FASHIONABLE

Jests,
Epigrams,
Merry Tales,
Humorous Jokes,
Bon Mots,
Conundrums,
Irish Bulls,

Comical Humbugs;
Droll Narrations,
Smart Repartees,
New Adventures,
Funny Epitaphs,
AND
Witticisms, &c. &c.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress,
What oft was seen, but ne'er so well express.

POPE.

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THE NEW

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LORD STRANGFORD, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke, because he was priest. Priest-rid, Sir, said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say. No, friend, replied the bishop, *Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.*

Lady N——t, who had but a very homely face, but was extremely well-shaped, and always neat about the legs and feet, was tripping one morning over the Park in a mask; and a gentleman followed her for a long time, making strong love to her; He called her his life, his soul, his angel, and begged with a deal of earnestness, to have one glimpse of her face; at last when he came on the other side of the bird-cage walk, to the house where she was going into, she turned about and pulling off her mask, Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have of me? The man, at first sight of her face, drew back, and lifted up his hands, Oh! *nothing, Madam, nothing,* cried he; I cannot say, said my lady, but I like your *sincerity*, though I hate your *manners*.

A certain wit and Foxite being at my lord mayor's feast, just after Mr. Pitt and his friends came into administration, when after two or three healths the ministry was toasted, but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next to him; The chief magistrate of the city not see-

ing his toast go round, called out, Gentlemen, *Where sticks the Ministry?* *At nothing, by G—, says he, and drank off his glass.*

Lord Craven, in King James the First's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben. he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, He understood his lordship desired to see him. You, friend, said my lord, who are you? Ben Johnson, replied the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose; *Bo!* cried Ben: Very well, said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Johnson.

Dr. Tadloe, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where some pavours were at work, in the middle of July; the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. Ah! God bless you, master, cries one of them, it is very kind of you to come this way; *it saves us a great deal of trouble this hot weather.*

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be an *horse*, or an *ass*. Well, said the hostler; and I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule!* cried one of them, how can that be? Because, said the hostler, *it is something between an horse and an ass.*

A midshipman being one night in company with Joe Miller, said, that being once in great danger at sea, every body was observed to be upon their knees, but one man who

who being called upon to come with the rest to prayers : Not I, said he, *it is your business to look to the ship, I am but a passenger.*

King Charles the Second, being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, of a mean aspect ; when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulders, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance ? Don't be ashamed, said the king, *I have most reason to be ashamed.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where, seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there : but calling to the clerk ; Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here ? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. Do you ? answered the countryman ; Egad ! then you have a special trade, *for I see you have but one left.*

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow shaking his head, said, he did not understand him ; How is that, said the gentleman ? Did you not say you were a poor scholar ? Yes, replied the other, a *poor* one indeed, Sir, *for I do not understand one word of Latin.*

A lady's age happened to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *forty*, and called upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion ; Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but *forty* ? I am sure, Madam, replied he, I am not to dispute it ; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these *ten years.*

A lieutenant colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the duke of Berwick, from Fort Kehl, to the King of France, with complaints relating to some irregularities that had happened in

the regiment ; his majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir, said the officer, *all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint.*

A courtier, who was a confidant in the amours of Henry the Fourth of France, obtained a grant from the king, for the dispatch whereof he applied himself to the lord high chancellor ; who finding some obstacle in it, the courtier insisted still upon it, and would not allow of any impediment. *Que chacun se mele de son metier*, said the chancellor to him, that is, *Let every one meddle with his own business.* The courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping : My employment, said he, is such, that if the king was twenty years younger, I would not exchange it for three of yours.

A gentleman saying one day at a table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton : You said so the other day, cried another, of a breast of veal. Very true, answered the first, I do not like the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my stomach.

A reverend gentleman in the East, well known for the *orthodoxy* of his practice and opinions, in one of his peregrinations to the West part of the town, stopped at his butcher's to order a leg of pork for his family's dinner. The butcher had just then hired a new man, who was unacquainted with the doctor's residence, and when he ordered it to be taken home, naturally concluded that he was to follow him. The first place the gentleman stopped at was the pamphlet-shop at the 'Change, to purchase *A Word of Advice to Preachers* ; the man with the leg of pork having been close at his heels all the way, and waiting at the door till he came out. Thence the doctor went to the London Coffee-house, where the man diligently followed, and as patiently waited for him. Last of all the doctor went to a counsellor of his acquaintance in the Temple, who, being at home, he was of course shewn in.

in. Here the man thought his travels were at an end, and knocking at the door, observed that a gentleman in black answering the description of the counsellor, had ordered the leg of pork; this brought the counsellor down, and after much misunderstanding, it was settled, that it must be for the gospel and not for the law. The doctor had him called up, and reprobated the mistake in severe terms, to which the man rather archly replied, that the fault had not originated with him, but if he was in the wrong, he had followed the church through thick and thin, and to his sorrow found he was in an error at last.

An Irishman having purchased a sixteenth of a ticket, for which he gave thirty shillings, tickets being then at no advanced price; upon hearing that he was to receive but twenty-five shillings for his share of a twenty-pound prize, exclaimed, "By Jasus I am a lucky fellow that I don't lose more: for if I lose five shillings by a twenty-pound prize, what should I have lost by the twenty thousand pounds?"

The same person purchased a ticket, which he regularly insured, but did not come up, as it remained undrawn in the wheel. The following lottery the number was drawn a prize, when he regularly demanded it, swearing, that he was the first entitled to it in that he had waited for it from the last lottery.

A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herself on an apple-tree, a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give a cion of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; for who knows, says he, *but it may bear the same fruit.*

Monsieur Vangelas having obtained a pension from the French King, by the interest of Cardinal Richlieu, the Cardinal told him, he would not forget the word *pension* in his dictionary. No, my lord, said Vangelas, nor the word *gratitude.*

A mel-

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? Oh! said he, *I belong to another parish.*

An Irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, he observed that some of the fish moved after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much surprised Teague; Well now, faith, said he, of all the *christian* creatures that ever I saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead.

A gentleman happening to turn against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies look out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling: when he looked towards them, he asked, what made them so merry? Oh! Lord, said one of them, a *very little thing* will make us laugh.

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you: but in half a dozen of steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse and swear. Why thou whoreson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Ay, replied the other, but you are *not half way* to the bottom yet.

The famous Tom King, who is remarkable for his good housekeeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cried, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his *small* beer. Why, how now, says he, what times are these, when beggars must be chusers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of *strong* beer.

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other, How the devil

- wil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff and made the brooms himself? Why you silly dog, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A lady who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's extravagant passion for play, asked him when he designed to leave off gaming? When you cease living, said he; Then replied the lady, you are like to continue a gamester as long as you live.

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, told him, He had best take heed the next time he ran away, *how he looked back.*

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil; The gentleman, who sat next him, said, He had no objection to any of his lordship's friends.

Some gentlemen going into a bawdy-house tavern at Charing-Cross, found great fault with the wine, and sending for the master of the house, told him it was sad stuff, and very weak. It may be so, said he, for my trade does not depend on the *strength of my wine*, but on that of *my tables and chairs*, and the *weakness of my customers.*

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable about the horse, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. I'm of Yorkshire, said the fellow, *an na' lived sixteen years here.* I wonder, replied the gentleman, that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the hostler, *but maister's Yorkshire too.*

The late colonel Kelly, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, That if such a thing
as

as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10.000 pounds for one. The nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. Why so, said the honest colonel? Because, answered the lord, *you will forfeit it again in less than a week.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon the trial, the judge asked her if she made any resistance. I cried out and please you my lord. Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was *nine months* after.

A young lady who had been married but a short time, seeing her husband going to rise pretty early in the morning, said, what my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

The deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a physician who had renounced the protestant religion, and embraced the popish communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The king hearing of it told the deputies he advised them to change their religion too; For it is a dangerous symptom, said he, that your religion is not long lived, *when a physician has given it over.*

A Westminster justice, taking a coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house Charing-Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence for his fare. The justice asked him if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said he would take his oath of it. The justice replied, Friend, I am a magistrate; and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his sixpence, saying, He must reserve a *shilling to himself for the affidavit.*

A respectable city merchant, but plain, both in manners and dress, having some business lately at the west end of the town, stepped into a coffee-house in the Mall

to refresh himself. Among the company in the room were a couple of *Westminster Jemmies*, who occupied the fire by roasting their more ignoble parts, in the attitude so excellently represented in the humorous French print of *The English Fire-side*. Inclined to roast also the merchant, one of them exclaimed, *Smoke the Cit*—the merchant took not the least notice, but read his news-paper with great composure;—this encouraged the Jemmies to approach him, with, *Any news, Mr. Quidnunc?* Yes, Sir, I was reading an advertisement of two *strayed puppies*, and perhaps, young gentlemen, you can give some account of them.

A countryman passing along the Strand, saw a coach overturned, and asking what was the matter, he was informed, That three or four members of Parliament were overturned in that coach. Oh, said he, there let them lie, my father always advised me not to meddle with *state affairs*.

A young Irish barrister, on being told that John Bull was an Englishman, in the brotherly affection of his heart, exclaimed, By J——s, and I am proud to hear of our near alliance; and that it is our family of the *Bulls* that makes us sister kingdoms.

A country fellow in Charles the Second's time, selling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of affairs; one said, that things did not go right, the king had been at the house, and prorogued the Parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there; the king has it seems, *berogued* the parliament sadly.

A Welshman and an Englishman vapouring one day on the fruitfulness of their countries, the Englishman said, There was a close near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over
night

night it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. Split, says the Welshman, what's that? There is a close where hur was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and *not be able to find him next morning.*

A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by: Well, doctor, said he, for all your great pains and charity, I do not take this to be the *highway* to heaven. Very true, my lord, replied the doctor, for if it had, I should have wondered *to have met your lordship here.*

The famous Sir George Rook, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a pretty many of his men; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more unless he was paid for it; which being told Captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, if he would fetch the man away, he would bury *him*, and all *his company for nothing.*

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles the Second, kept on his hat. The king, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Friend Charles, said Penn, *Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?* Friend Penn, replied the King, it is the custom of this place, for no more than *one person* ever to be covered *at a time.*

General Armingers death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a Maid of Honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. Miss, replied the wit, the general died of a *parenthesis.*

A gentleman

A gentleman travelling on the road, seeing a man standing at a door, asked if he was master of the house—I don't know, he replied, as my wife and I have just quarrelled: but I'll step in and see. He returned, and told the gentleman he was master; and pray what is your business? Only, replied the gentleman, to direct me to the nearest road to the next town.

A chimney-sweeper's boy, had swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London, and while he was tying up the soot, some of the journeymen who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions, asked him what trade his father was? To which the boy very archly replied—What trade? Why my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too; but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a *blackguard business*.

A domestic once entering in a fright the study of his master, who was in deep thought and contemplation, was told by his servant that the house was on fire—*Well*, said he, *inform my wife of it, I do not interfere in household affairs.*

A fellow walking in the street in a winter's night, and seeing a handsome lantern hung out with a candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the servants seeing him, asked him what he meddled with the lantern for?—I crave mercy, says he: *I was going to snuff the candle, that I might see to go along.*

A woman burying her fifth husband, a man was counting with his fingers how many she had had, and he said, *she made a hand of them all.*

A bad painter, who could not sell off his pictures, went into another country, and turned physician: One who
B went

went that way, knew him again, and asked him, for what reason he went in the habit of a physician?—*I have a mind*, said he, *to profess an art, wherein all mistakes are covered by earth.*

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his messmate to go down and fetch a cann of small beer; Teague knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused—*Arrah, by my shoul, the ship will sail, while I am going into the cellar to fetch beer, and leave me behind.*

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself; it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: *Mr. Speaker, Have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?* So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious importance; when another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: *Mr. Speaker, Did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not to the purpose: if he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?*—Which a-propos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

At one of the meetings in Normandy, a farmer, who had been chosen member for Falaise, being asked what he had to propose to the assembly, answered, *That the first demand he should make, would be the destruction of pigeons, rabbits, and monks.* The Duke of Coigny, who was present, asking him the reason of his aversion to these animals,

animals, he replied, *Because pigeons devour our corn as soon as it is sown, the rabbits when it comes up, and the monks when it is ripe, and in sheaf.*

In a country party during the summer, a young lady of high rank, who knew that she had very handsome legs, declared, in a careless laughing manner, that she would certainly bring short petticoats into fashion the next winter, that the town might see what a pretty ankle she had. What think you, said she, to a certain wit, of the fashion of short petticoats? It is that particular fashion, Madam, replied he, that I admire above all others, and I care not to what height it is carried.

A certain great lady passing in her chariot through Covent-Garden one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel. The spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: The old lady ordering her coachman to stop at the door, called out—My son, my son, never be ashamed of coming out of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.

A young woman being on Tower-Hill to see the fire-works on his Majesty's birth-day, was complaining of her shortness, a young man offered her to stand on his shoulders. Then, says she, you cannot see the *fire-works*. True, said he, but I shall see the *water-works*, which will please me much better.

A dumb beggar, travelling the country, with a long account fastened to his breast, setting forth that he had been taken by a Barbary corsair, been a slave in the galleys, and lastly, had his tongue cut out in Turkey, from whence, at last, with much difficulty, he made his escape to Europe; and coming to England, all his friends being dead, he had no means to get a livelihood, but by the generous donations of tender-hearted christians. This men-

dicant stopped about noon at a shoemaker's shop, the master of which gave him a penny, and made signs to him to come in and sit down (for he pretended to be deaf as well as dumb) which he did; the master going into another room to dinner, left him in the shop with the apprentice.

As soon as the master's back was turned, Mr. Dummy got up, and placing himself just before the boy, leaned out of the window to survey those who passed by; the boy could not see to do his work he stood so in his light; to speak to him he knew was in vain, as he thought he could not hear; however, imagining he had not lost the sense of feeling, the boy stooped down and run the awl into his leg: as soon as the dumb man had felt the smart, he clapped his hand to the wound, and began to swear with a most audible voice.—The boy hearing this, ran with all speed to the other room, crying, Master! master! behold a miracle! I have done more than all the doctors in the world could do; I have fetched the dumb man's tongue out of Turkey, *and put it in his head again.*

A sailor being on deck one windy morning, a sudden gust of wind took him into the sea: but putting out ropes he regained the deck: his captain sympathized with him, observing he had had but an indifferent breakfast; not so bad, replied the mate, for you must allow he has had a *good duck.*

A lady of indifferent character, marrying a little deformed man, a person asked a friend of her's, how she came to marry so diminutive and disagreeable a man. O, replied the friend, it was only for a cloak; then says the other, I am sure he will not answer the purpose, for he cannot *cover her.*

Dr. Linegar, titular archbishop of Dublin, about thirty years since, was a man of lively parts, and very communicative; he happened in a large mixed company to be

be introduced to Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expence of some one in the company ; they sat near each other at table, where the doctor engaged attention by his sprightly manner ; Mr. Swan, to silence him, addressed him, Mr. ——— I forgot your name : Linegar, replied the doctor. I ask your pardon ; I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names, you'll not be offended, if in the course of conversation I should name you doctor *Vinegar* : Oh, not at all, replied the doctor ; I have the same defect, and it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I may, by-and-by think you a *Goose*. The laugh was effectually turned against the cynic, who never attempted a second sarcasm that evening, and went away as soon as he decently could.

An impudent ridiculous fellow, being laughed at by all who came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had a happy quality of laughing at all who laughed at him. Then said one of them, *You lead the merriest life of any one in Christendom.*

Alexander the Great asked Dionides, a famous pirate, who was brought prisoner to him, why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his seas ? he answered, That he did it for his profit, as Alexander himself was used to do it. But because I do it with a single galley, *I am called a pirate* ; but you, Sir, who do it with a great army, *are called a king*. This bold answer so pleased Alexander, that he set him at liberty.

The Duke of Guise, after a battle fought between Francis the First, and Charles the Fifth, reproached one Villandry, that though he was in complete armour, yet he had not been seen in the fight, I'll make it out, answered Villandry, boldly, that I was there, and in a place where you durst not be seen. The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to punish him severely ; but he appeased him

with these words : I was, my lord, *with the baggage*, where your courage would not let you go.

It was a fine saying of my Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles the Second, when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; Here, Sir, said he, take this, *it shews time* : I am going into *eternity*, and shall have no longer need of it.

Philip, King of Macedon, after the battle of Chernenae, generously set all the Athenian prisoners free. Upon their unconscionably demanding their baggage ; Surely, says he, the men fancy they had but a *mock fight*.

An archbishop finding fault with some actions of Queen Elizabeth, brought her good arguments out of the scripture, to prove, that they favoured more of the politician than the christian. I see, said she, my Lord, you have read the scriptures, *but not the book of Kings*.

An ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cause where the terms of *mortgager* and *mortgagee* were frequently used, the judge asked the countryman if he knew the difference between the mortgager and the mortgagee : Yes, said he, it is the same between the *nodder* and *noddee*. How is that ? replied the judge. Why, you sit here, my lord, said the clown, and I nod at you ; then I am the *nodder*, and your lordship is the *noddee*.

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other why he looked so sad, I have very good reason for it, answered the other ; poor Jack Such-a-one, the greatest crony and best friend I had in the world, was hanged but two days ago. What had he done ? said the first. Alas ! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion ; he found a bridle in the road, and took it up. What, answered the other, hang a man for taking

taking a bridle ? That is hard indeed. To tell the truth of the matter, said the other, *There was a horse at the other end of it.*

Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys look'd out of a one pair of stairs window, and cry'd, *There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls!* He hearing them, look'd back, saying, *You rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down stairs.*

A dyer in a court of justice being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black. *Take off your glove, friend,* said the judge to him, *Put on your spectacles, my Lord,* answered the dyer.

A sober good woman, who was treating with a maid-servant about work and wages, asked her, among other questions, what *religion* she was of? *Alack-a-day, Madam,* said the poor innocent girl, *I never trouble my head about that; for religion, I thought was only for gentlefolks.*

An admiral in the French service, being on a holiday gone to hear mass, in the Dominican Friars Chapel, a poor fellow begged his charity as he was most intent on his devotion. He felt in his pocket, and gave him several pieces of gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. This considerable alms so dazzled the beggar's eyes, that he was amazed at it. As the officer was going out of the church door, where the poor man was waiting for him; Sir, said he, shewing him what he had given him, *I cannot tell whether you intended to give me so large a sum; if not, I am ready to return it.* The admiral wondering at the honesty of the man, said, *"I did not, indeed, honest man, intend to give you so much; but since you have the generosity to offer to return it, I will have the generosity to desire you to keep it, and there are five pieces more for you."*

A certain

A certain captain who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting lousing himself under a hedge: What are you doing there Tom, said the officer. Why, faith, answered the soldier, I am following your example, *getting rid of a part of my retinue.*

One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his estate, and left himself no furniture in the house but a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and some other things, seeing a parcel of thieves, who knew not his condition, breaking into his house in the night, he cried out to them, Are not you a pack of fools, to think to find any thing in the dark; *when I can find nothing by day-light.*

A man of quality in the country, whose wife had not the best reputation in the world, and whose children had been very short lived, looking earnestly one day upon a peasant sitting at his own door, with five or six lusty boys about him. Prithce, honest fellow, said my lord, how do you poor folks do to get so many brave and healthy children, when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handsomely, can get none that will live? Why and please your lordship, answered the bumpkin, *we poor folks e'en take the pains to get them ourselves.*

During the exhibition of the *Holophusicon*, a countryman attended as a spectator, when on his return home being asked what sight he had seen in London, why says he, I have seen *Holyfernes with his head on.*

A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the art of making gold, dedicated to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holiness finding the man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purse, saying, Sir,
since

since you know how to make gold, *you can have no need of any thing but a purse to put it in.*

A countryman seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress as he thought, begged her to be pleased to tell him what she called it. The lady a little surprised at the question, called him impudent fellow. Nay, I hope no offence, Madam, cried Hodge, I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a *sacque*, said she, in a great pet. I have heard, replied the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) *of a pig in a poke, but never saw a sow in a sack before.*

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same, said the shepherd, that cloathed you, the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

When Mrs. T——n first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-Lane Play-house, coming off the stage into the green-room. I believe, said she, that one half of the house *take me really for a man*: But said Mrs. Clive, the other half Madam, *know to the contrary.*

A schoolmaster asking one of his boys, in a sharp winter morning, what was Latin for cold, the boy hesitated a little:

little ; What, sirrah, said he, cannot you tell ? Yes, yes, replied the boy, *I have it at my fingers ends.*

A captain, not far from St. James's having an amorous design upon his landlady, a comely young milliner, to give her a hint what he would be at, clapped a guinea upon one of his eyes, and stared her in the face with the other. The doxy presently taking the meaning, Sir, said she, love, I have been told, *is not blind of one only, but both eyes.*

A certain couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day, the steward ready to deliver it, asked where they were to put it : the husband produced a bag, and told him in that. That, answered the steward, is not big enough to hold it : So I told my wife, replied the good man ; *and I believe we have had a thousand words about it.* Ay, said the steward, but they were not such as will butter any cabbage to eat with this bacon ; and so hangs the flitch up again.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn ; says the first, This is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a *Garret*. You fool, says Garret, do not you know it must have *Chambers* first ?

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, and the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl ; says the first, that bird is very much like a *Woodcock*. You are very wrong, says the other, for it is *Fuller* in the head, *Fuller* in the eyes, and *Fuller* all over.

A young man who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Socrates to be taught by him, Socrates asked double the price that his other scholars gave him ; and the reason, said he, is, that I must teach thee two sciences, *one to speak, and the other to hold your tongue.*

When

When the gate which joined to Whitehall, was ordered by the House of Commons to be pulled down, to make the coach-way more open and commodious, a member made a motion, that the other, which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same time; which was opposed by a gentleman, who told the house, that he had the honour to have lived by it many years; and therefore humbly begged the house would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Chancellor Hungerford seconded the gentleman, and said, It would be a thousand pities, but he should be indulged to live by his *gate*, for he was sure he could never live by his *style*.

A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bade Killigrew, who was present, tell him his age; whereupon Killigrew goes and examines his tail: What are you doing? said the king; this is not the place to find out his age. O! Sir, said Killigrew, Your majesty knows *one should never look a gift horse in the mouth*.

A certain poetaster, whose head was full of a play of his own writing, was explaining the plot and design of it to a courtier. The scene of it, said he, is in *Capadocia*: and to judge rightly of the play, a man must transport himself into the country, and get acquainted with the genius of the people. You say right, answered the courtier, *and I think it would be best to have it acted there*.

A poor man having occasion for a smock for his wife, and but little money to buy one withal, applied to a pawnbroker, and asked him if he had ever a *smock* to sell? Who told him he had no smocks, but several *shifts*: and being asked the difference, the pawnbroker told him, that they were smocks before they came to him, but
when

when brought to him they were shifts, which the man admitted, but said, *they were terrible bad shifts.*

A certain great man who had been a furious partyman, and most surprisingly changing sides, by which he obtained a coronet, was soon after at cards, at a place where Lady T—— was, and complaining in the midst of the game, that he had a great pain in his *side*, I thought your lordship had *no side*, said she. Yes, but I have, answered my lord, and a *backside* too. Have you so? replied my lady, *every body knows your wife has one.*

A gentleman living in Jamaica, not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world: however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give what he demanded for it. — No, said the other, I do not care to sell it, *for I am not sure I shall not marry again.*

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into the parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it."

The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, or as they called it, horsed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done—"I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." I forbid the banns, cried the

the boy : Why so, said the doctor ; Because *the parties are not agreed*, replied the boy. Which answer so well pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. What are those ? said another. In the first place, answered he, *I have no money* : Oh ! said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.

A young fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Cheshire cheese full of mites, one night at a tavern : Now, said he, have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands. Yes, answered one of the company, *and with the same weapon too, the jaw-bone of an ass*.

Poor Joe Miller going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the wall. I don't chuse to give the wall, said he, *to every jackanapes*. But I do, said Joe ; and so made way for him.

Lady B—— L——, being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to a Macaroni, who sat behind her, for an explanation. He said it was dog Latin, and he could not explain it. It is strange, cried she, that a puppy should not understand his own language.

Jemmy Spiller, the jocose comedian, going one day through Rag-Fair, a place where they sell second-hand goods, cheapened a leg of mutton, he saw hang up there, at a butcher's stall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. Are you not an unconscionable fellow, said

C

Spiller,

Spiller, to ask such a price, *when you may have a new one for that in Clare Market.*

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the *king of fools*. I wish, said the fellow, one day, you could make your words good, I should then be the *greatest monarch in the world.*

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason for so doing; *From such,* said he, *I had it, and to such I give it again.*

A thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his last confession, asked him if he was not sorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to suffer? the criminal answered, Yes, but that he was more sorry *for not having stolen enough to bribe the jury.*

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was under continual apprehensions of them: and going one day through Tavistock-Street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to hitch on the iron spikes of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned about in a great surprise, and cried out, *At whose suit, Sir? At whose suit.*

A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having married a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favour, but she refusing, though as he thought but faintly, his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself

self, the maid being out of the way on some errand, he told her that at night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me, into my bed-chamber.

At night, the spark opened the door very gently, but remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, asked who was there? It is I, answered the journeyman, and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the great knife. Oh! what a silly jade was I, said she, *to leave the knife in the kitchen.*

A soldier in the late war, a little before an engagement, found a horse-shoe, and stuck it into his girdle; shortly after, in the heat of the action, a bullet came and hit upon that part. Weil, said he, *I find a little armour will serve a turn, if put in a proper place.*

The late famous Arthur Moore, who was much in favour with the Tory ministry, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, had a lady who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but in political principles quite opposite to those of her husband. After the death of the Queen, when it was talked of as if the late ministers would have been called to an account, my Lord B ——— meeting Mrs. Moore one day, in a visit, Well, Madam, said he, I hope you will come and see me, when I go to Tower-Hill? Upon my word, my lord, said she, *I should be extremely glad to do it; but I believe I shall be engaged another way, for I am told my Snub, (the name by which she always called her husband) will be obliged to go the same day to Tyburn.*

The same lady coming home one evening, told her husband she wished him joy, for she heard he was to be made a lord. (This was before the death of Queen Anne.) And pray, said he, what did they say was to be my title? My Lord *Tariff*, replied she, which was a sneer upon him,

him, for having been engaged in settling a Tariff of trade, for which he was thought well skilled. And why don't you, when you hear any one abuse your husband, spit in their face, said he. No, I thank you, answered the lady, *I do not intend to spit myself into a consumption.*

A late archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance: Soon after, hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about two hundred pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he should like it; the doctor when he came back again, thanked his grace for the offer he had made; but said, he met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his grace pleased, to wait till something else fell! Another vacancy not long after happening, the archbishop sent him to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his grace: a third living much better than either of the others, became vacant, as he was told, the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that, and when he came back, Well, now, said my lord, how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this? I like the country very well, my lord, answered he, and the house, the income, and the neighbourhood, but ——— *But* / replied the archbishop, what *but* can there be then? *But*, my lord, said he, the old incumbent is not dead, I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house.

Two city ladies meeting on a visit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon their punctilio of precedence than some of their betters would have done at the court end of the town) when they had risen up and took their leaves, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her by the tail of her gown

gown, and stepping before her, No, madam, said she *nothing comes after cheese.*

An old lady being at table, and mumbling a piece of brawn that was very horney, for a long time, at length by its elasticity it jumped out of her mouth upon the plate of a young gentleman, who sat upon the opposite side of the table: but he not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good Lord! said the old lady, what a fine thing it is to be young, and have one's teeth. I have been mumbling and tumbling that piece of brawn in my mouth this half hour to no purpose, and that young gentleman has chewed and swallowed it in a moment.

A young lady of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the marriage state, told her gallant that she could never bring herself to say *Obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried *honour and bey*: Nay, madam, said the parson, you must say *obey*, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs: but still she would say only as she had done before, and the parson again reproving her; Let her alone, doctor, said the husband, let her only say *bey*, if she has a mind to it now, and I will make her cry *O* at night.

Old Johnson the player, who was not only a very good actor, but a good judge of painting, and remarkable for making many dry jokes, was shewn a picture done by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and asked his opinion of it. Why, truly, said he, the painter is a very good painter, and observes the Lord's commandments. What do you mean by that, Mr. Johnson? said one who stood by. Why, I think, answered he, that he hath not made to himself the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth.

The late Count Kelly, of facetious memory, used to retain his distant relations as servants; his cousin his groom, &c. on which a nobleman once remarked the impropriety of any so near a kin, should be in such menial service; on which the Count replied, *Why, my Lord, I may as well keep my own relations, as those of your lordship.*

Philip, walking alone one day in one of the cloisters belonging to the convent of Escorial, a tradesman seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which the house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings, and describe the subject of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, 'I am much obliged to you, friend, I live at St. Martin's and my name is Michael Bambis; if you should come my way, and call on me, *you will find a glass of good wine at your service.*' 'And my name (said the pretended servant) is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, *I will give you a glass of as good.*'

A countryman very much marked with the small-pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, 'Fellow, (said the justice in a rage) I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, *but I am sure you have been for stupidity.*' 'Why, and please you (replied the man) perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, *for you seem to have had it in the natural way.*

There

There being a great disturbance one night at Covent-garden play-house, Mr. Quick coming upon the stage to say something to pacify the audience, and an orange being thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, *This is no civil orange, I think,* said he.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Palmer, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box, *What,* said another of the theatrical punsters, *that which Jack Palmer gave you the other night.*

Mr. M—rr—n, one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play-house in Dublin, an orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popped his hand under her petticoats. Nay, Mr. Commissioner, (said she) *you will find no goods there but what have been fairly entered.*

In the reign of Queen Anne, when it was said the Lord Oxford had got a great number of peers made at once, to serve a particular turn, being met the next day by my Lord Wharton: So, Robin, said he, I find what you lost by tricks, you gained by *honours.*

Sir T. P. once in parliament brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, *that he thirsted to mend his bill,* upon which, a worthy member got up and said, Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member *thirsts* so very much, that he may be allowed to *mend his draught,*

A certain

A certain country 'squire, asked a Merry Andrew, Why he played the fool? For the same reason, said he, that you do: *out of want*; You do it *for want of wit*, I do it *for want of money*.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spake one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out. Why then *rams horns*, you rogue, said she, if I die for it.

A gentleman asked a lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all? Oh! said she, *they pass off like the waters*. And pray, Madam, replied the gentleman, do they *all pass the same way*?

A hackney coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the lawyers used to club their *three-pence* a piece, four of them to go to Westminster, and being called by a lawyer at Temple-Bar, who with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-Hall; but the coachman still holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen asked him why he did not shut the door, and go on? The fellow, scratching his head, cried, *You know master, my fare is a shilling; I can't go for nine-pence*.

Gun Jones, who had made a very handsome fortune from a very mean beginning, happening to have some words with a person who had known him for some time, was asked by the other, How he could have the impudence to give himself so many airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remembered him seven years before, when he had *hardly a rag to his a—*. You lie, sirrah, replied Jones; for seven years ago I had *nothing but rags to my a—*.

A gentle-

A gentleman said to Betty Careless, upon shewing her legs, that they must needs be *twins*. But indeed, said she, you are mistaken; for I have had more than one or two *between them*.

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, asked her which she liked best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him the sheriff. Why so, said the gentleman? Because, answered she, *though I love judgment well, I love execution better*.

An artful country fellow of the neighbourhood of Swindon, Hampshire, having found a silver snuff-box, which contained, among other things, a quantity of halfpence, went into a public house in that town, where was a London rider, and, assuming an air of ignorance, asserted that he had found sixpenny worth of halfpence all in silver. The witty Londoner catching at the expression, bantered the poor rustic: who, however, managed the matter with so much address, as to engage him in a bet of fourteen guineas, which, by the decision of the company present, he won upon producing his prize.

When Oliver Cromwell first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, God with us; on the other, The Commonwealth of England. I see, said he, God and the Commonwealth are on *different sides*.

The Countess of H—— coming into the dressing-room of her daughter, a young lady about fourteen, while she sat at her toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her person off to the best advantage (herself being in full dress, and richly adorned with jewels) asked the girl, What she would give to be as *fine* as her mamma? To which

which the other replied, Not quite so much as your ladyship would give to be so young as I am.

Some time ago a gentleman purchased a horse from an acquaintance, a well known jockey in the west country. The jockey had recommended the horse strongly and repeatedly as an *honest* horse. After paying the price, the purchaser begged that the jockey would candidly inform him whether the horse had any fault, and what he meant by an *honest* horse. Lord, Sir, said the jockey, the horse is perfectly blameless, he is *indeed* an *honest* horse; for during the five years he has been in my possession, he has often threatened to *fall* with me, and I'll be d——d if ever he once *deceived* me.

A Flemish tyler in Flanders accidentally fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him; though he escaped himself. The next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler, and when offered pecuniary recompence, nothing would serve him but *retaliation*. Hereupon the judge said to him, if he did insist upon that sentence "he should go up to the top of the same house, and fall down from thence upon the tyler."

One telling another he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately at thieves coming into the house, although it was not charged. How the devil can that be? says the other. Because, said he, the thieves *carried it off*; and what was worse before I had time to *charge* them with it.

In the year 1629, Ben Johnson fell sick, and was then poor, and lodg'd in an obscure alley; his majesty Charles I. was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, "His majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor and live in an alley;—go and tell him, *That his soul lives in an alley.*"

When

When Quin lodged in the country, he turned his horse to grass and lost him; making an enquiry after him he asked a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for his horse was stolen? No, says the clown, we are all honest folks here; but they say there is one Quin I think they call him, a strolling player from London, may hap he may a' stolen him.

A gentleman telling a lady that a certain apothecary of her acquaintance was broke, and obliged to shut up shop; she enquired the cause; to which the gentleman replied, He was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he had advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profit arising from the sale of his drugs. Poor man! says she, he could not live by the *air* though his patients could.

A few years ago, in the present reign, there was a great rumour of an invasion, and mustering both horse and foot about London, insomuch that the realm was terribly affrighted, but all came to nothing; a country gentleman then in London, asked a friend of his to what end all that mustering in London and Middlesex was? To what end, quoth the other, why, to *Mile-End*, for there was the general muster; and to what end were all the barges and lighters sent down to stop the passage of the Thames? To what end, quoth he, to *Gravesend*; aye, but, says the gentleman, to what end was all the hurly burly by land and water; To what end, quoth the other, marry, as far as I can understand, to *no end*.

A gentleman had a blind harper playing before him till it was pretty late; at last he commands his man to light the harper down stairs: to whom the servant replied, Sir, the harper is blind: Why, you ignorant loggerhead, says his master, has he not the more need of a light?

A country

A country curate, who had much insisted in an afternoon sermon, that reason was given to man for a bridle, to curb and restrain his passion, happening the same evening to take so large a dose at a christening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next morning one of his parishioners asked him, what he had done with his *bridle* over night, he replied, *I just took it off to drink.*

A country clergyman, who was spending an evening with some of his fair parishioners, requesting one of them, a young lady about eighteen, to give a toast, which she immediately complied with, and gave *Truth*. The parson observed it was a very good toast, but he did not conceive the whole of its excellency, till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the psalm, with a very audible voice in these words, *His truth at all times firmly stood.* The parson from thence was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

Lady Gordon, who was subject to melancholy fits, asking her physician, Dr. Hunter's opinion, whether frogs, which she had often used to eat, were of a melancholy quality? No, Madam, says the doctor, because, wherever they inhabit, they are heard to *sing at all hours.*

A countryman passing through a street in London, stumbled, and his backside fell to the ground. An apprentice seeing it, fell a laughing, and said, See, see, fellow, how fine London is, it brooks no such clowns as you. With that the countryman turned back, and answered, *As fine as it is, it hath kiss'd my tail for this once.*

Philip IV. having lost the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and some other provinces, took it into his head to take the surname of Great; on which the Duke of Medina-Cell said, *Our master is like a hole, which grows the greater the more it loses.*

A painter

A painter having promised the finest of all his pictures to a lady who had no skill in them, she came and told him, cunningly, that his house was on fire. The painter cried out presently to his apprentice, *be sure you save such a picture.* By which means she found that this must be the best, and she asked it from him as soon as his trouble was over, and he was satisfied that it was but a false alarm.

A man who had married an ugly woman upon account of her great fortune, having one day surprised her with a spark, he told her, Since thou hast one that kisses thee for nothing, what needest thou have got a husband, at the expence of thy fortune.

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered, *It proceeded from the violent shock she gave them with her tongue.*

A Dutch merchant in Amsterdam had sold a thousand pounds worth of gloves to some Jews, who not standing to their bargain, when they brought their money, would have but half. The Dutch merchant desired a little time to sort them, and told them they should have half: so he commanded his men to put *all the right-handed gloves in one parcel, and the left in another.* Then when the Jews came, he bid them take their choice; which being done, and the money paid, they began to pack up; but perceiving at last they were all for one hand, they were forced to take the rest at the merchant's rate.

A father chid his son for rising late, and gave him an instance of a certain man, who, being up berines, found a purse full of gold. The son answered, *he that lost it was up before him.*

A man that had but one eye, met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, *Friend, you*

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are loaded betimes. It is early indeed, replied the other, for you have but one of your windows open.

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying, Miller, now tell us, which art thou, more knave or fool? Truly, says he, I do not know which I am most, but I guess I am *between both*.

Pogius, the Florentine, tells a merry story condemning the folly of such, especially mean persons, as spend their time and estates in hunting and hawking. Mr. A——, physician, of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some put to their knees, some up to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were more or less affected. One of them that was pretty well recovered, stood by chance before the door; and seeing a gentleman ride by, with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all the preparation served? He made answer, to kill certain fowls: the patient demanded again, What his fowls might be worth which he killed in a year; He replied, nine or ten crowns: and then he urged him further, what his dogs, horses, and hawks stood him in? he told him four hundred crowns. With that the patient bid him begone, as he valued his life and welfare; for, said he, if our master comes and finds thee here, he will certainly put thee into his pit amongst the madmen, up to the very chin.

Sixtus V. being made Pope from a Grey Friar, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but still kept the character of a facetious man, and loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered amongst other things, that when he was a Friar he had borrowed money of the Superior or Head
of

of the monastery of ———, and had not repaid it to him. He therefore enquired about him, and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come and give him an account of his conduct. The good father, who was conscious of no guilt, went to Rome with that tranquillity of mind which results from a good conscience. When he was come before the Pope; We are informed, said the Holy Father to him, that you have embezzled some of the monastery money, and therefore have sent for you to have an account of the matter.

Holy Father, answered the Monk, I think myself altogether innocent as to that. Consider well, said the Pope, whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to somebody, particularly to a certain Grey Friar, who came to you in such-a-year. The good man having thought upon it a while: 'Tis true, said he, Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.— Well, said the Pope, I am that very Friar you speak of; I am willing to return that money according to promise, and advise, at the same time, *never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again.* The good man being very much surprised to find his Friar in the person of the Pope, wanted to beg his pardon for calling him knave. Never trouble yourself about that time: but God has furnished me with means to retrieve my past offences. Thus he dismissed the good monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and giving him great demonstration of favour.

A country justice invited one day to dinner, Edwin, with many other persons; and having a mind to shew his wit, took them aside, and told them, Gentlemen, if you'll be ruled by me, we shall make ourselves merry to-day with Edwin, who, you know sets up for a jester, and drolls upon every body. My clerk being sick a-bed, so that I have nobody to wait on us, I will propose to draw cuts, to see which of us shall go to the cellar to draw the wine, and wait on the rest while they are at dinner, and

will contrive it so, that it shall fall to Edwin's lot ; which being thus concluded amongst them, was put into execution accordingly. Edwin smoaked the plot, and was resolved to make the host repent it. Down he goes to the cellar to fill the bottles, whilst the others fell to ; and being come up again with the bottles, ' You see, Gentlemen, said he, how I have performed what I had to do ; let us now draw cuts to see which of us shall go down into the cellar to stop the hogsheads I have left running. Now the justice talked no more of casting lots, and knowing Edwin to be as good as his word, leaves presently his dinner and runs to the cellar, where he finds his vessels running, and part of his wine spilt ; for which he afterwards expostulated with Edwin. You have no reason to complain of me, answered he, since I have punctually complied the conditions of the play, which indeed obliged me to draw the wine, and fill the bottles, *but not to stop the vessels of a host who entertains his guests so scurvily.*

An offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes that were laid to his charge ? answered, I have done yet worse ! Being asked what ? *I suffered myself to be apprehended,* said he.

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Samson. Ah ! said one, we may now be securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff ; for tho' a thousand Phillistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to brain them all ! Sir, replied Samson, I will boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of *your jaw-bones*

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on the window of a house that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. Pray, my dear, said the gentleman smiling, are you to be *let* with these lodgings ?—No, replied the charming fille-de-chambre, I am to be *let* alone.

The

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a long while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public house, whither he went to refresh himself. As he went in, he espied four fellows, whose looks forebode him no good: however, he put a good face upon the matter, sat down and called for something to eat and drink. The fellows, who were lying down and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to wake.—I dreamed, said one of these ruffians, coming near the Emperor, *that I was taking off your hat*, and so he took it. For my part, says another, I dreamed, *that your great coat would fit me exactly*, and without any more ado he fairly stript him of it. The third paid him the same compliment, and stript him of his buff-coat. The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, whereon a whistle was hanging. Hold a little, says the Emperor, putting back his hand, before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it; you must do so——Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they heard the whistle, came in, and were very much surprised to find him in that condition. Why, says the Emperor to them, here is a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased. For my part I have a mind to *dream* too.—Then, having paused a while; well, added he, I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers are a pack of rogues, and *deserve to be hanged*; and I will have my dream out this very minute. This command was no sooner given than executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that nest of thieves.—The old saying was verified in the case of these rogues, that *Dreams go by contrarieties*.

The following is an anecdote of the vanity and droll circumstance of Mrs. Bellamy:—A nobleman who had

a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he, of course, during dinner-time, sat at her right hand! but she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it, at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend.—He could not avoid smiling, while she made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table.—Her vanity received a severe check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

Mr. B—— the surgeon, being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of the London, to succeed him in that hospital. B—— recovering, and meeting sometime after with one of those surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than what was customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was supposed to be in danger. Sir, said B——, if you will forgive me *living*, I will forgive you *soliciting*.

Some footmen belonging to a person of quality were once making complaints to him, that his lordship's steward never allowed them any thing but cheese and radishes for supper. His lordship sent for the steward to him; What

What, says my lord in a passion, is it true what these men say, that you give them every night *cheese and radishes for supper*? Yes, my lord, answered the poor steward, quaking with fear. Well then, replied their lord, I command you henceforward to give them *cheese one night and radishes the next*.

A true and original Receipt for composing a modern Love-Letter.

Take five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery; mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words angel—goddess—charmer—honey—and the like. When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it at a time as you think proper; fold it up in gilt paper; seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's, and chatted with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to supper that evening, begged the favour of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants, and as it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night, and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer thinking it an honour to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come:—But after he was gone, the old man's mind misgave him that it might be some trick, for the squire was known to be the greatest rake.

rake in the country.—He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the squire's servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer's *lass*, and to take a little nag and side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said the farmer's *ass*, and accordingly came with that message.—The farmer who guessed at the mistake, was highly pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement, without affronting the squire. But the difficulty was, how they should make the ass sit on the side-saddle; for as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughter, and the farmer willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

A gentleman was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing swords, saying he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be rather a dress of gravity than gaiety, and therefore they should leave the sword to the military and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being asked his reasons for it, he replied, "in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the friends and relations of the many patients they send out of the world."

The late Mr. Churchill, the poet, being in company with some men of quality at a tavern, was called upon to give his toast, he named Lady L——; the nobleman demand why he named her? Why not, replied the poet, she has the qualifications of a *toast*, being both *brown* and *dry*; which answer made them laugh, his lordship having been compelled to marry her against his inclination.

Two bonny Scots, having just got a place at St. James's, and being in bed, the one in his sleep bawled out terribly, which the other hearing, desired to know what was the matter?

matter? Matter, quoth he, mon, I have dream'd a very ugly dream. Prithee, lod, didst dream of the deel? says Wally, Na, 'twas worse than the deel and hell to boot, says Sawny, for I dream'd I was transported into my own country, never more to see Auld England again. Ah, mon, says Wally, that was very terrible indeed.

One told another who was not used to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *short* for him: that's true, answered his friend; but it will be *long enough* before I get another.

A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chambermaid, turned her away immediately. Hussey, said she, I have no occasion for such sluts as you, only to do that work which I chuse to do myself.

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this sort was old Cross the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Millar going with a friend one day along Fleet-Street, and seeing old Cross on the other side of the way told his acquaintance he should see some sport; so beckoning to Cross with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hollowed to him, though he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way. What a-pox, said he, do you make such a noise for? *Do you think one cannot hear you?*

A conceited fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked Nat. Lee, if it was not easy to write like a *madman*, as he did? No, answered Nat; but it is easy to write like a *fool*, as you do.

A gentle-

A gentleman saying one day at George's coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the *general deluge*. Zoons, Sir, said an old campaigner who stood by, who is that? I have heard of all the *generals* in Europe but him.

Lord R—— having lost fifty guineas one night at the gaming table in Dublin, some friends condoling with him upon his ill-luck; Faith, said he, I am very pleased at what I have done; for I have bit them, by G—, there is not one guinea *that don't want sixpence of weight*.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest fellow, said he, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, 'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing *hemp*.

Once on a time a person who had been a dependant on a nobleman, begged his interest for him at court: and to press the thing the more upon him, said he had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then, said the duke, you are in a miserable way; for you could not have pitched upon two who have *less interest at court*.

A pragmatICAL young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him, What difference there was between Scot and sot? *Just the breadth of the table*, answered the other.

The famous Chancellor Moore, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower-hill, the headman demanded his upper garment as his fee. Ah, friend, said he, taking off his cap, *that I think is my upper garment*.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he

he happened at a time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they came forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting and scratching his pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir Richard, says the fellow, we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: *Pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though *I do not admire your subject.*

A certain reverend drone in the country, was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a-day, Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, and *make nothing of it.*

A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, who was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the ruffle, which he said, Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nation. Roger allowed what he said; but at the same time observed, That the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, *by adding the shirt to it.*

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, ran away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I bar squeaking.* *Bar the door,* you fool, cried she.

A very modest young gentleman of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire

quire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him: Oh! my friend, said one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you.

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making of bulls? Faith, said the knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there he would do the same.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman sometime after was desirous of borrowing a larger sum. No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am determined you shall not do it a second time.

A country parson having divided his text into two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap*, answered the first; *for I find we are to stay here all night*.

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly through the *Creed*: Well, said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

LIST

LIST OF TAXES.

The following LIST of TAXES was put into my hands this morning: there is something so whimsical in the whole, that I thought it worth preserving. It is addressed to Lord North, *Out of Office*.

A tax on all schemers, which from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually at least 900,000 l.

A tax on all attornies, who are not able to prove, that in the course of a year's practice, one eighth of their income was got honestly; which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on liars, which on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a sum not less than sufficient to pay the National Debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian opera, who did not understand the language: on every person who attended a concert, without a knowledge of music; and on all persons sleeping at church; which proved to your Lordship, might produce in one year 500,000 l.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favours that they never received. This on an average might be computed a tax upon 9999 men, out of ten thousand who had attained the age of twenty-one years; and would produce, at a moderate interest *per capitem*, an annual revenue of 800,000 l.

E

A tax

A tax on white necks, red cheeks, and lily hands, with a drawback on proving where the pencil of nature was the only artist, to be collected at the play-houses, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kensington, and other places of public diversion, exclusive of demi-reps, who paint in the way of trade, would produce, in the female world, fifty out of every sixty; and among the men, four out of every twenty, liable to impost. I reckon this at 400,000 l.

A tax on all slander and back-biting: one methodist to be considered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, 99 persons out of every hundred in the kingdom as subject to the duty.

A tax on all unnecessary words in the House of Commons; your lordship thought this would be partially severe on Mess. Burke and Fox; and therefore, in consideration of the numerous family of words, and the small income of money those two orators possessed, this most salutary tax was struck out of my list.

A tax on all gentlemen coachmen, which considering the immense increase of great coats with eight capes, would produce at least 50,000 l. per annum.

A tax on all young gentlemen, who had got an university education, and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace, or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This on computation might produce 20,000 l. yearly.

A tax on all gentlemen and ladies, indiscriminately, who could not tell, on being asked, in what part of holy writ the Revelations, and the first chapter of Genesis are. This, in the west of London, would produce something worth the collection.

A tax

A tax on every citizen of London who eats more than two pounds of solid meat within twenty-four hours. This tax, as it would prevent apoplexies, and add considerably to the revenue, I thought a very salutary one. But your Lordship observing that the Aldermen would make up the deficiency, in order to evade the tax, by eating pies, puddings, turtle soups, jellies, &c. I took that article back to re-consider, and have since totally forgot to look into it.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious head-aches, false alarms of pregnancy, and other incidental non-entities in women of fashion, might render six in ten throughout the higher, and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

A tax on healthy and sound constitutions among men of fashion. I pointed this duty particularly on the first rank, because with them it is considered a luxury. I dropped it, however, as you may recollect, because, on consideration, it would not pay the fees of collecting.

A tax on all barristers, who, in each half-hour's pleading, said *my lud*, and *your ludship*, more than fifteen hundred times. Your lordship observed this would injure the client, as *my lud* and *your ludship*, were interjections in law, to fill up the vacuity of an advocate's imagination, when he was at a loss for words to convey the meaning of his argument. I therefore dropped the idea, as I thought every client sufficiently delayed, injured, oppressed, and taxed already!

A tax on all footmen under the age of fifty, and above the height of four feet eleven inches. This I did, that the army might be recruited with genteel, good-looking vagabonds, who, from a state of liveried idleness may be called into regimental activity.

A tax on all coffee-house beaux, who call for the Amsterdam Gazette, and the Courier de l'Europe, without being able to understand the meaning of one line in either. This is a tax on vanity but it will not bring in much.

A tax on real old English hospitality in the houses of great men, as the only means, by making it expensive, to make it fashionable. This will take some time before it will come to perfection; the very idea of domestic conviviality being now so vulgar as to be turned out of almost every gentleman's house in Great Britain. Your Lordship smiled at this idea, shook your head, and said, you feared when the trick was found out, the tax would cease. I think so too, my Lord; and therefore leave those fashionable people to their new-adopted luxury of smiling without a cause of risibility, of ostentatious parade without inward comfort, and of the appearance of happiness without one particle of real felicity.

Your Lordship's old friend,
And most obedient humble servant,

SCACABACK SCREECHKINKERTON.

*Half-way-house between Jest and
Earnest, Sept. 9, 1782.*

Some years since Mr. Foote dined at the Castle, at Salt-hill. When the landlord produced his bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name. *Partridge*, and please you, replied the host. *Partridge!* resumed Foote, it should be *Woodcock*, by the length of your bill.

A gentleman meeting the King's jester, asked what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to-day. I pray, to what end, said the other, and what do they intend? *Why, to lay down again at night.*

Ned

Ned Shuter one day standing at a green stall in Bow-Street, was accosted by a shabby man, who asked him for charity, declaring he had not a shoe to his foot. Ned immediately presented him with a part of his purchase at the fruit-stall; adding, that if he had not a shoe to his foot now he was provided with a *pear*.

Mr. R——, who resides in Pall-Mall, happening to spend the evening in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song. He politely declined singing, alledging he was so indifferent a performer in that way, that any attempt on his part would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, observed that he had a very good voice, and that he had had the pleasure of hearing him sing. That may be, resumed the other, (wishing to get excused) but as I am not a *freeman*, I have *no voice in the City*.

Mrs. Webb, of Covent-Garden Theatre, was rehearsing the part of Lady Anne, in Richard the Third, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in much distress, about the year 1778. When she came to that passage where the disconsolate fair one utters, 'Shall I never have rest again?' her irascible landlady, who had been listening, suddenly popped her head into the room, and with her arms a-kimbo, bellowed, No, thou waggabone, that thou shan't, till you have paid me for your board and lodging.

Mr. Rock, of the same Theatre, advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription, upon receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to shew him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise said, Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?—Is it me you mane, my dear? Why, zounds, man, *didn't I give you the hint!*

Cross-Reading the Newspaper.

Yesterday Dr. Jones preached at St. James's,
and performed it with ease in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried ———
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

Last night the Princess Royal was baptized ;
Mary, alias *Moll Hackett*, alias *Black Moll*.

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker —
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day His Majesty will go in state
to fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the Dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At noon her R. H. the Princess Dowager was
married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent taylor.

Several changes are talked of at Court ;
consisting of 9050 triple bob-majors.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrell.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended :
—Pray stop it and the party.

Last night a most terrible fire broke out,
and the evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

An indictment for murder is preferred against
the worshipful company of Apothecaries.

The free-masons will hold their annual grand lodge,
N.B. The utmost secresy may be depended on.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the sitting alderman.

We

We are assured that Lord T—— will accept of a
place ——
it operates as an alterative, and produces a wonderful
change.

Aged 76, was married to a young girl of eighteen;
the reason of his committing this rash action is not
known.

Yesterday a large flock of geese and turkies —
was committed to the Poultry Compter for further exami-
nation.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes is writing a history of England.
He was convicted of the like offence at the assizes in
1763.

His house was burglariously broke open and robbed —
by virtue of a warrant under the great seal.

Yesterday ended the sessions in the Old Bailey,
of the utmost use in peopling our new colonies.

To the curious in bacon ——

He was reckoned the fattest man in England, next to
Mr. Bright.

Yesterday, on the parade, a soldier received 500 lashes;
apply as above, and you shall have the same reward.

Lost, or mislaid by carelessness ——
an opportunity of getting 20 per cent.

On Sunday next a charity sermon will be preached —
and great quantities of beer given to the populace.

Eloped from her husband, Mary, the wife of Simon ——
a light dun, with a black mane and tail.

My daughter is effectually cured by the use of ——
Sermons for young women, in 2 vols. duodecimo.

Whereas it often happens that people are in want of
money,
500 l. are ready to be given to any lady or gentleman.

Miss

Miss Trufler continues to make the rich seed-cakes —
for preventing the decays of age, and lengthening human
life.

Genteel places in any of the public offices —
so much admired by the nobility and gentry.

WHEN Mrs. Goodall first appeared in breeches at Drury-lane Theatre, with Mrs. Jordan, there was a dispute betwixt the ladies which had the handsomest legs; the disputants appealed to a literary gentleman present, who, from motives of delicacy, would not subscribe to the opinion of either, but prudently said, Mrs. Goodall's were too long, and Mrs. Jordan's too short, and, for his part, he should like something *between* both.

A London rider, at Exeter, left his dog in the stable by his horse. The yard dog took offence at him, and beat him; upon which the former dog set out for London, and brought down another dog of his acquaintance to revenge his cause. — *A fact.*

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however, (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on his knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, "shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head."

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

On a Man eating rotten Cheese.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
Like Sampson, I may thousands slay;
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

Hope and Fear.

Who has the better game still *fears* the end,
Who has the worse still *hopes* his game will mend.

*Written on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the PRINCE,
at KEW.*

I am the Prince's dog, at Kew;
Pray, tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

On SIR JOHN FRY.

Here lies the body of Sir John Fry:
Oh! oh! does he so? There let him lie.

On Cold.

The Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he——'tis at my fingers' end.

On Love.

The shaken tree grows faster at the root;
And Love grows firmer from some blasts of doubt.

A soldier

A soldier came in a great fright to Washington, and told him the enemy are very near us ; *Then we are very near them*, said Washington.—There was another that came to tell him, that the enemy were so numerous, that one could hardly see the sun for the quantity of their bayonets. To whom he answered very wittily, *Will it not be a great pleasure to fight in the shade.*

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got a knack of imitating a late general officer, in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the General was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, Come, Sam, let us have the General's company. A friend at length acquainted the officer with it, who sent for Foote : Sir, says the General, I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and, among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule. Oh ! Sir, says Foote, with great pleasantry, I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off. Gadso, says the other, pray let us have a specimen. Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return ; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

A LOVE SONG, by Dean Swift.

Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres In ever require,
Alo veri find it a gestis,
His miser in ever at restis.

10 MA 66

THE END.

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